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AROUND AFRICA

AND

ACROSS THE ANDES

BY

FRANCIS J. LOWE



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*To the young Yankee, at home and abroad, this  
book is affectionately dedicated by*

*The Author.*

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# AROUND AFRICA

## AND

# ACROSS THE ANDES

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Around Africa and across the Andes. It was our privilege to take these trips separately in the pursuit of trade, yet we endeavored to combine business with pleasure and will, in as brief a manner as possible, attempt to describe both.

If the reader will travel with us in spirit across the North Atlantic to England along the European shore, down the West Coast of Africa, around the dark continent, through the Red Sea and the Mediterranean to Madeira, and then pausing as it were to take our bearings, sail far away once more to the South down the East Coast of South America as far as the great River Plate, across the Andes Mountains, up the West Coast of South America to Panama, over to Cuba, and then back to dear old New York, he can imagine that he made the same trip in a few hours.

### ALL ABOARD.

Leaving New York and passing out, our thoughts naturally revert to the friends on shore who wished us God-Speed, and many decided to flash a final farewell through a wireless message. This means of communication with the shore is so well patronized that we were notified by the operator to file all such messages at once as considerable time was required to transmit them. Being clear of Fire Island we now settle down to our five days' spin across the Atlantic and begin to unpack our bag-



gage. It does not take long to get acquainted on board ship, especially when leaving a port like New York, as each one approaches the other in a plain democratic manner with the usual query, "Are you not from Chicago?" or "The weather is very fine," etc., nor is it difficult to know the officers of the ship at sight, especially those having in charge the comfort of the passengers. The chief steward, the common steward, the purser, in fact every one from the captain down have already learned the passengers' names as well as the history of their past lives—how much they paid for their passage, occupation, social status, etc. The chief steward is also an adept at "Dun and Bradstreeting" any particular person. All soon found their rating in his plan of the dining room, as when seats have been assigned one can tell by his location just exactly where he belongs in the chief steward's blue book. If you are seated at the captain's table, you can rest assured that "Who's Who" has rated you very high. The writer was fortunate enough to be placed at the right elbow of the "chief officer" at dinner, so presume that my rating while not "aa" was at least 'A' in any event. The passenger who has never seen the Atlantic Ocean usually fights to get at the captain's table but seldom succeeds. As a matter of fact experienced travelers prefer the purser's table as he is usually a hale fellow well met and a good story-teller.

This ridiculous assignment of seats, however, is fast dying out, and some of the German lines have abolished it altogether—a wise and an American idea.

Our trip across to old England is pleasant on board but rather rough on the sea, it being the month of October. The vast ship which carries us across the big pond is like a great floating hotel, and we feel perfectly at home. The "mile run" of the ship is posted at noon every day, and the passengers usually get up pools each day—a decimal pool or an auction pool, on the run of the ship, so as to separate themselves from some of their money. The decimal pool is limited to ten persons, one to ten. The final number of the ship's run wins, as for instance at 587 miles in a day seven would win. In an auction pool, the possible mileage is auctioned off to the highest bidder and is usually a cold-blooded gambling proposition and open to all sorts of manipulation, because the stake each day is enormous, sometimes amounting to One Thousand Dollars,



## BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

We passed the Banks of Newfoundland two days out, and one can easily tell when we are off the banks by the number of passengers who are sea-sick or imagine they are sea-sick and retire to their cabin to actually become sea-sick. Passing a steamer or sailer occasionally, breaks the monotony of the sea view. The smoking room contributes more to our enjoy-



A ROUND TOWER IN IRELAND.

ment than any other section of the ship. Here, the male passengers usually congregate and compare notes between puffs of all breeds of cigars and cigarettes. You have the "Windy" Gentleman from the West—who cleaned up a fortune, the Lord knows how; the prosperous merchant from our Great Cities; the young man going abroad to be educated at the expense of Father:



the captain of industry or finance who is usually a good listener; the loud talker who knows it all on any question that comes up; the returning emigrant, and last but not least the professional gambler who, like the vultures, usually hovers about his prospective victim. Each, however, contributes his share to the general enjoyment of all.

On the morning of the fifth day, the lookout sings out from the Crow's nest "Land Ahead" on the port Bow, and within an hour or so, the passengers get a glimpse of the rocky Islet, which marks the approach to the Coast of Ireland. In about six hours we are in Queenstown Harbor, and behold, in all its beauty that part of the Emerald Isle of the Western World. This little spot on the earth's surface ages ago was the seat of learning for Europe, but to-day is depopulated, in ruins and decay on account of too much Legislation, Litigation and License administered by the Commons and the Clergy. As a consequence, the Irish people have been compelled to migrate from this garden spot of Europe and earn a livelihood in lands beyond the sea.

Leaving Ireland, our next stop is old England, where at Liverpool we take train to Southampton, and board a Royal Mail Steamer for Madeira, to connect with the Armadale Castle, pride of the Castle Line for our trip to the Cape, and around Africa.

#### ALONG THE SHORES OF EUROPE.

The first span of our journey around Africa is from Southampton to the Cape of Good Hope and while the better way is from Southampton by way of the Castle Line, we prefer to go as far as Madeira by the Royal Mail Route so as to stop at some of the interesting places along the European shore. A trip of forty thousand miles on land and sea, passing through the Suez and Panama Canal Routes, visiting the peoples of two vast continents, studying their demands as well as their customs is compensation in itself, leaving aside the commercial advantages or pecuniary return gained thereby. Along the European shore are many points of interest which we cannot overlook.

Our first stop out from Southampton is Cherbourg. Here, the passengers who desire to visit Paris have an opportunity to disembark. Cherbourg is a quaint French town with an excellent harbor protected by an immense breakwater. It is known prin-



cipally as a naval and military station and in the barracks here can be found some of the worst specimens of the French Army who are sent to this post from Africa and other colonies of France to be disciplined, and a sorry spectacle they are. There is an excellent parade ground here and a monument of Napoleon, representing the little corporal astride a powerful charger pointing towards England, as if leading the French Soldiery in that direction. Our next stop, after leaving France, is Spain. We enter the harbor of Corunna, the historic spot where one of the generals of the English army was buried. The grave of General Moore, who fought so valiantly for the British Empire, is decorated once a year with great ceremony by the English residents.

Our next stop is Vigo, which has a landlocked harbor, and a favorite sheltering spot for the navies of Europe. It was the writer's privilege to view the Russian Fleet in this harbor, and one vessel, the flagship, which took such an active part in the war against Japan, looked in fit condition to go to war again with any other vessel of its size. The Russian navy has improved in vessels as well as in men. The officers on shore as well as the sailors, looked equal if not superior to any other men of their class in the world.

#### PORTUGAL.

We now leave Spain and our next stop is Leixoes, the port for Oporto in Portugal. An excellent breakwater in this port enables us to land safely and proceed by an electric road to Oporto. This City in Portugal is beautifully situated, and a magnificent view of the river and city can be had from the top of the hills, where the Botanical Gardens are located. The famous Oporto wines come from here, and an excellent bottle of this beverage can be had for three shillings. A curious sight in Oporto is to see the bullock-carts, wending their way along the principal thoroughfare, led by the poorest of the poor, just as they did one hundred years ago, but the pitiable condition of the people engaged in this traffic is certainly not a very pleasant sight.

We left the next morning for Lisbon, the capital City of Portugal, beautifully situated on the River Tagus. The City of Lisbon is without doubt equal if not superior to Naples in scenic effect, magnificence of its palaces, and places in general. A Cathedral in Lisbon contains the remains of all the Kings and

Queens of Portugal and those privileged to enter the portals of the death chamber were given an opportunity to view the faces of the dead King and his Son, who were assassinated last year. Another great sight in Lisbon is the new bull-ring. Here, the Portuguese assemble on Sundays and other occasions to witness one of the most blood-thirsty sights that it is possible for human beings to look upon and how they can reconcile their religious belief with such blood-thirsty pastimes and pleasures is certainly beyond conception of ordinary mortals. The Government derives an enormous revenue from this source, and as long as the Latin race exists, there is no doubt that some form of blood-thirsty pastime will endure. The sight of blood seems to delight these people in general, and whether the result of the climate or the wines that they consume, it certainly is a blot upon our modern civilization. The proper way to see Lisbon is to start from the Plaza by Automobiles and then the heights of the City can be reached in a comparatively short time and a magnificent view of the surrounding country obtained. The Palace of the King is located at Cintra, and those having an opportunity to visit this magnificent structure should certainly take advantage of the time.

#### MADEIRA.

We leave Portugal and now set sail for the Island of Madeira, where we connect with the steamer that sails for South Africa. Madeira with the best climate of any Island in the world, is a great pleasure resort. The remarkable ride down the Mountain can be made in the Madeira carts without wheels, as they slide down the Mountains at a rapid pace, and are very cleverly handled by the natives. Excursion parties leave by the mountain railway every half hour and allow tourists to visit the famous church on the summit and the Hotels, within the few hours' time that the steamer remains in the harbor. Madeira chairs are a great novelty, and can be bought for ten shillings. They make an excellent souvenir from the Island. They can be used on board ship. The boys diving from the ships in this port obtain quite a revenue from passengers and it is a curious sight to see how they can bring up coins from the bottom of the bay, provided that they are silver ones, as the natural inclination of natives in Madeira as elsewhere is to secure the most money in the shortest possible time. There is only one good Hotel in



Madeira at present. A German Syndicate secured some property and built a magnificent Hotel on the summit, but some one discovered a Portuguese law which prevented any competition on the Island, and as a result the Hotel is finished but cannot be occupied. As a consequence, the German lines have issued orders



NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

not to stop at Madeira, until the German Hotel is allowed to open for business, which after all is but natural, and will bring the Portuguese government to its senses, as it means a great loss in revenue.

#### OFF TO THE CAPE.

Leaving Madeira, we now set sail far to the South for the Cape of Good Hope, on board the Armadale Castle, the largest steamer of the Castle Line. This steamer might be described as



a floating palace with all modern conveniences. It requires twelve days to make the trip from Madeira to Cape Town, and the passengers settle down to this long spin with contentment. A few days out from Madeira, "We cross the Line" and those who have not been initiated, are properly introduced to Father Neptune, and in addition to having the customary bath, are compelled to go through the customary forms, which for the male passengers is very interesting. Games are held on board the steamer for at least three days, and such pastimes as threading the needle, shoe race, and egg race for the ladies are indulged in and more strenuous exercises for the men. We pass Liberia, the little republic on the West Coast of Africa, known as the place from which the Negro race in America had its origin, as in the days of slavery the natives of this section were forcibly taken prisoners and carried in the slave ships to North America, and are to-day citizens of the United States, to the extent of ten millions of human beings.

We pass the Congo River just below the Equator, one of the great rivers of Africa, which penetrates into the interior where Stanley made his famous trip and rescued Livingstone through the aid of the British Government. At night the Southern Cross appears. This can only be seen from the other side of the Equator and while it is an odd arrangement of the stars, it would require considerable calculation on the part of the onlooker to make a cross of it. We pass German West Africa just before entering Cape Town. It was here that the Russian Fleet put in for coal on its way around Africa, to be sunk by the Japanese Fleet off the coast of Japan. We also pass St. Helena, that desolate Island off the west coast of Africa, where the great Napoleon was held prisoner until his death. We now arrive at Cape Town, the great port of South Africa with its table mountain over two thousand feet high, and the lion's head and the devil's peak, known to every resident of British South Africa. The City of Cape Town is a modern City in every way, electric tram cars, high buildings, electric lighted, and in every way an up to date City. A peculiar custom on the trolley cars in this City is to allow no more passengers on board once the car is filled, so that in one way, they are ahead of our great cities in the United States, as no passengers stand up. The fare is one penny to any distance within the city's limit. A beautiful



sea-side resort near Cape Town is called Camps Bay, which has in the back ground, mountains known as the twelve apostles, owing to their peculiar formation. Within the city's limit, known as the exhibition grounds, was the famous Corral built by Lord Kitchner to hold prisoners of war, during the great struggle with the Boers, and in one section, thousands of women and children were huddled together with poor sanitary arrangements, and died from starvation and disease.

#### UP COUNTRY.

From Cape Town, the Railroad runs to Johannesburg and within a few hours after leaving Cape Town, we arrive on the top of the great table land of South Africa, known as the Karoo, a desolate plain extending hundreds of miles, and with very little vegetation. The trip to Johannesburg on this Railroad is a remarkable one in this way, that you travel ten miles north and back five miles during the trip, as the Railroad was built by the mile, and the contractors took good care to make the trip as long as possible. We arrive at Bloemfontein, half way to Johannesburg, a market town situated in the valley. In the cemetery near here, are buried ten thousand men of the British Army, who died from disease and fatigue on their march to Johannesburg behind Lord Roberts. All the way to Johannesburg can be seen reminders of the British Army on this famous march. In the distance, can be seen thousands of tin cans, which once held supplies, consumed by the British Army; then used by them as alarm signals by hanging them on railings, to warn them of the approach of the Boers during the night time. Distances in South Africa on the Plateau are very deceiving, as what appears to be one mile from the train, might as a matter of fact be five miles. This is on account of the clearness of the atmosphere.

#### JOHANNESBURG.

Johannesburg, the great mining center of South Africa, is a modern City in every way. The greatest gold mines in the world are located here and it has been figured out by American engineers that it will require at least fifty years more before these great mines are exhausted. The mining properties, however, are in control of a few men and they hire kaffirs to do the work under contract at very small cost. The introduction of Chinese on

their part has been stopped by the British people within the past few years, and under the new law, all Chinese must be deported within a certain specified time. At the time the writer was in Johannesburg, white men could not find work, as the black men and the Chinese had secured all positions, with the exception of mining engineers, and experts, mostly American. It seems a pity that in this City of gold, where so much wealth has been accumulated, white men should starve, so as to gratify the grasping greed for gold on the part of a few individuals, who spend much money in all kinds of dissipation in London and Paris to gratify their weaknesses. The Rand Club is the great center of the Elite of Johannesburg. Here, in an afternoon can be found the great money Kings of Johannesburg, having their afternoon tea, and other kinds of tea not marked on the bill of fare. The Goldfields Hotel is the center for business men, and others connected with the exploration and development of this part of South Africa. The kaffir or native is a very enterprising citizen in South Africa, but is used for all purposes, and one of the sights of Johannesburg is to see the rickshaw drawn by one of these natives, who can travel for miles at a very rapid pace, as good in every respect as the Equine animal. In fact, these natives imitate horses as much as possible when standing still, by their braying. The beautiful head-gear of these people is much to be admired, and they wear the teeth of their enemies in bracelet form around their legs. These kaffirs make excellent servants, and can be hired for one pound to two pounds a month. All kaffirs are known as "boys," no matter how old they are, and if required to do anything, they must be addressed in that form "boy." Those engaged in rickshaw pulling do not live long, owing to the effect of this mode of living on their lungs. They run on their toes and can balance a car with their weight in the most remarkable manner, going down a hill. Owing to the vast quantity of mining refuse in powder form, piled up in enormous quantities, adjacent to the mines in Johannesburg, makes it a very bad location for those effected with weak lungs, as when the winds from the North or East blow this fine powdered material through the streets, it makes a very bad condition for persons who are susceptible to pneumonia or other lung diseases. Johannesburg is certainly a marvelous city and notwithstanding its ups and downs can be called the premier city of South Africa.



We now take train for Pretoria, the capital of the former Trans Vaal Republic, and arrive there within a few hours.

#### PRETORIA.

Pretoria is at least 10,000 miles from New York, and yet its accommodations, streets, churches and public buildings are equal to any city of its size in the world. The Government building is located on the main Square of the town, and when the



A JINRICKSKA IN JOHANNESBURG.

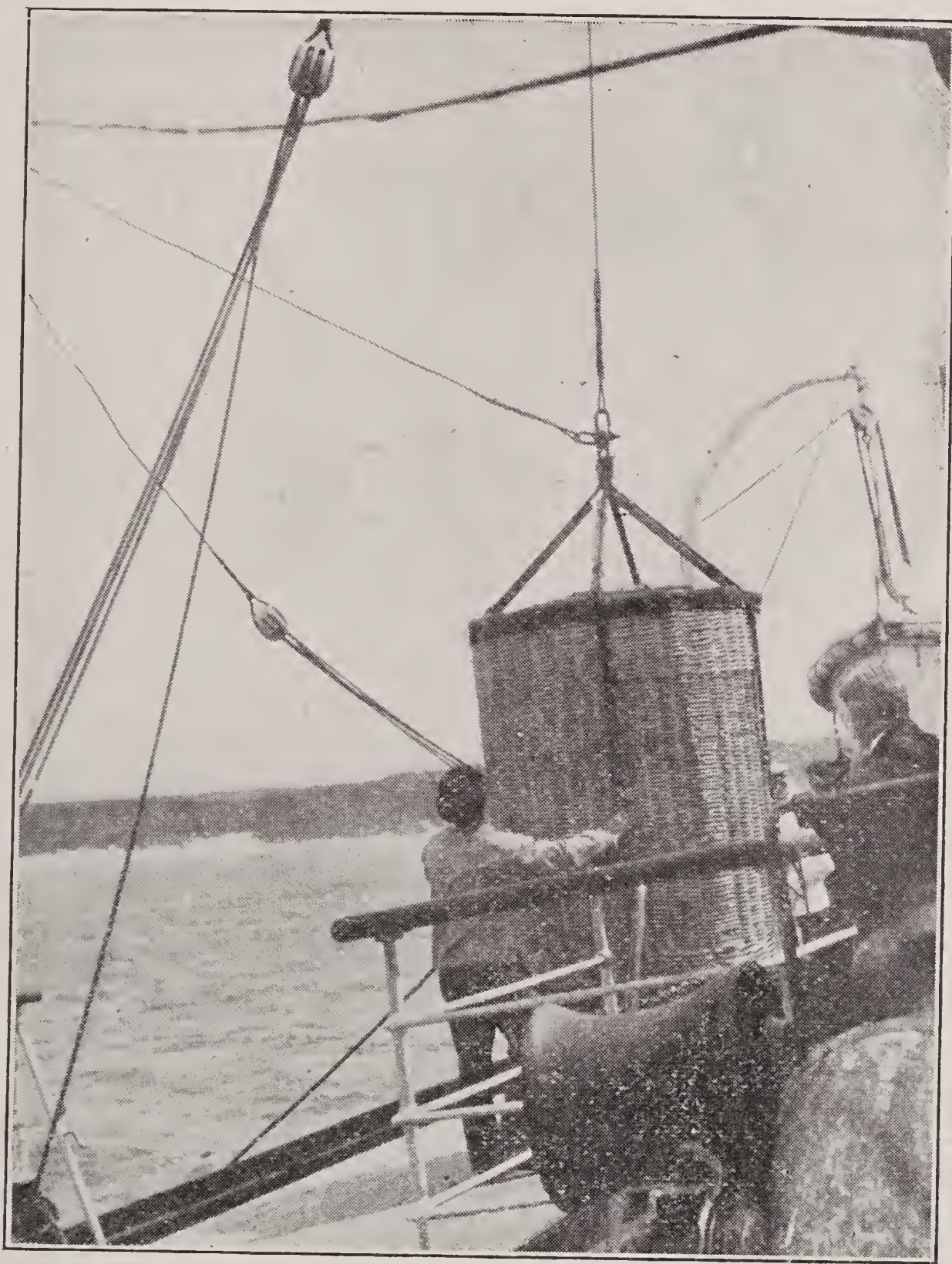
writer was there, the Union Jack was flying from the flag staff, which meant that the great British Empire had succeeded in annexing the two smaller republics of Orange Free State and the Trans Vaal, but not until it had cost the British Empire four hundred million pounds sterling and sixty thousand lives to crush the doughty Dutchmen who had been the pioneers in



this far off country. It is a melancholy sight to see the old home of Paul Kruger, now used as a Hotel and to contemplate that this wonderful man, rightly or wrongly, prevented the great British Army from entering the City of Pretoria until they had brought 225,000 men to capture or kill 65,000 men of the Orange Free State and the Trans Vaal Republic. It must be taken into consideration also that these republics ceased to exist, because the great republic of the Western Hemisphere in permitting shipments of contraband of war, mules and horses, did everything in its power to help the British Government annihilate these small republics of the dark continent. The British people to-day, fully realize that they bought a white elephant and were misled into a cruel and unjustified war through the misrepresentations and trickery of a few mine owners of Johannesburg, and yet these men refused to pay their just assessment of the war after the British flag flew at Pretoria. In addition to this, the business men of South Africa were ruined by the competition of their own government. Very few remember that the terms of peace with the Boers was three million pounds sterling repatriation money, but which was never fully distributed, as the cost according to the records was almost one million pounds to distribute the first million compensation money. The House of Lords appointed a committee to investigate this enormous graft of British Army officers, but before the committee arrived in South Africa, in some way or other, the Store House in which the records were kept was destroyed by fire, so that no evidence could be had. The British government with good intent purchased 25,000 plows and 25,000 harrows to be distributed among the farming community, and these goods were to be sold at cost to the farmers. As a matter of fact, however, the writer learned that plows costing \$5.00 were sold to the Boer farmers for \$17.50, which certainly did not comport with the British Government's idea of charity. The Boer farmers as a consequence, refused to buy the harrows and they were piled up in warehouses in Pretoria to be sold for junk, when the writer was in Johannesburg. It may be a coincidence that the plows were bought in the United States, and the harrows in England and Canada, and possibly the country of origin had something to do with the Boers refusing to use the harrows, but the outrageous treatment which the Boer farmers received through the distribu-



tion of the Repatriation money had more to do with this unfortunate condition than anything else. The merchants of South Africa were ruined by this policy of the British Government as the rascals in the service of the government sold other supplies at one half their cost, so as to lay their hands on the money, and indirectly prevent the merchants carrying on a legitimate busi-



GOING ASHORE IN SURF BASKET.

ness selling supplies to the Boers at a fair margin of profit. We now return to Cape Town to go on board our ship and continue our trip around Africa.

#### AROUND THE DARK CONTINENT.

We arrive back in Cape Town, and after arranging tickets and baggage, go on board the German East African Line Steamer, Koenig, which is to carry us from the Cape to Cairo,



a very interesting trip. This Company has a subsidized line of steamers, which leave Hamburg, and go around Africa. After leaving Cape Town, and just before rounding the Cape of Good Hope, we pass what is known as False Bay, so named because apparently it is a fine harbor, but very shallow. Rounding the Cape of Good Hope is a magnificent sight, especially in stormy weather, and many a ship has gone down to the deep in trying to escape the violent storms, and cross currents found here. The passengers on board the German Steamers are naturally mostly Germans, and a very enterprising class of people. In fact, you will find the Germans in every place that is of any commercial value, as they seem to make a special study of developing their foreign trade, and are given every possible assistance by the German Government. The subsidized steamer that we travelled on, carried freight from Hamburg around Africa at 50% less than the same goods are shipped from the United States, which, in itself, explains why the Yankees have such a small proportion of the trade of South Africa. With the exception of food stuffs and agricultural implements, our trade with South Africa is practically nil. South Africa has a great future, but what the States need there are experienced consuls and proper transit facilities, as well as fair trade relations. These can only be secured by the new minimum tariff.

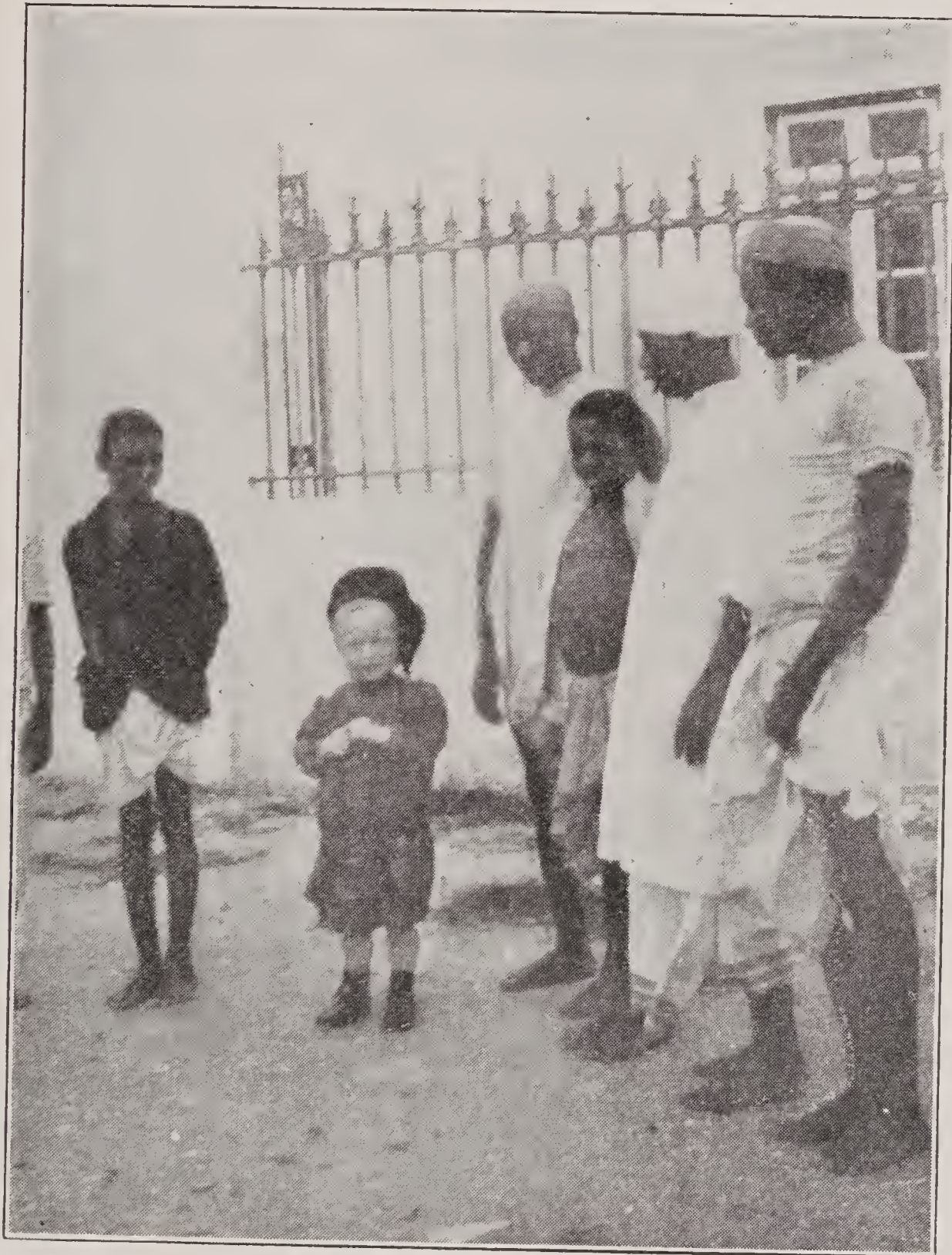
We arrive at Port Elizabeth, one of the great trading Stations of South Africa. The bullock-carts of the Boer farmers and of the merchants carry goods to the interior from here. The shipping carried on here is enormous, but the docking facilities very poor, as the harbor is not protected. We pass along the coast to East London, and go ashore through the aid of what is known as the Surf Basket, as it is almost impossible to go over the side of the ship by ladder, owing to the high seas. The passengers are transferred to lighters in baskets. East London is situated very high up, and the streets are well laid out, with excellent Hotels. Here, all of the great trading houses have their principal offices, and an enormous business is carried on with the interior. We leave East London and skirt along the coast to our next stopping place, Durban.

#### DURBAN.

Durban is the best governed City in South Africa. The municipality owns its own gas works, electric plant, public baths



and trolley service, and all of these departments have paid and proved a success. The cost of gas has been reduced to a minimum and can be produced for one half of what is charged in America and without a loss. The fine town Hall constructed at a cost of 50,000 pounds, is the principal public building. The police are natives, well disciplined. The Jin-rickshaws can be seen on every street, and can be hired for a trifle. The natives are



MY BOY IN MOZAMBIQUE.

excellent public servants, and do not require shoes, or other luxuries. The residents live on the hills, known as the Berea, and during the summer, this part of the town is really the only place to reside. After taking on coal, we now proceed up the coast to Delagoa Bay, to what is known as Portuguese East Africa. The port is known as Lourenz, Marquez. We were advised by



some of our experienced travellers to nail things down before we got into the port, as it is an ideal place for all kinds of sneak thieves, and hard characters. One of our distinguished German friends, a military officer, claimed that he was immune from such people, and took no precautions. As a result, we had not been tied up to the dock twenty minutes, before our intelligent German friend was robbed of all his valuables, and spare coin, concealed in his state-room. They have an excellent dock at this port for unloading steamers, as it is the main port to ship goods up to Pretoria and Johannesburg. There is some talk of Germany securing this port from Portugal, but it is very doubtful, as the British Government is not to be found napping. This port is the gateway to Pretoria.

We now sail for Beira, which is a port for the interior but unimportant, as there are no docking facilities. The street cars in Beira, however, are very odd, and owing to the sandy streets, are pushed by natives instead of horses, as no animals could make head-way along such streets. Near Beira, is Chinde, which is not far from the mouth of the Zambesi River, the largest river in Africa, and as we pass along the coast at this season of the year, we notice this great black stream rushing out into the Ocean, carrying the dead vegetation, and other animal life from the center of Africa. It is very unhealthy along the Zambesi. Wild animals can be found in all parts of this section of Africa—lions, tigers, or any other kind, and one can have all the excitement he is looking for travelling up country from this point. One of our passengers came on board at Chinde, and informed us that the Sunday preceding, he sat on a veranda, smoking his pipe, when a lion walked down the main street of the village, and picked up his favorite dog for breakfast.

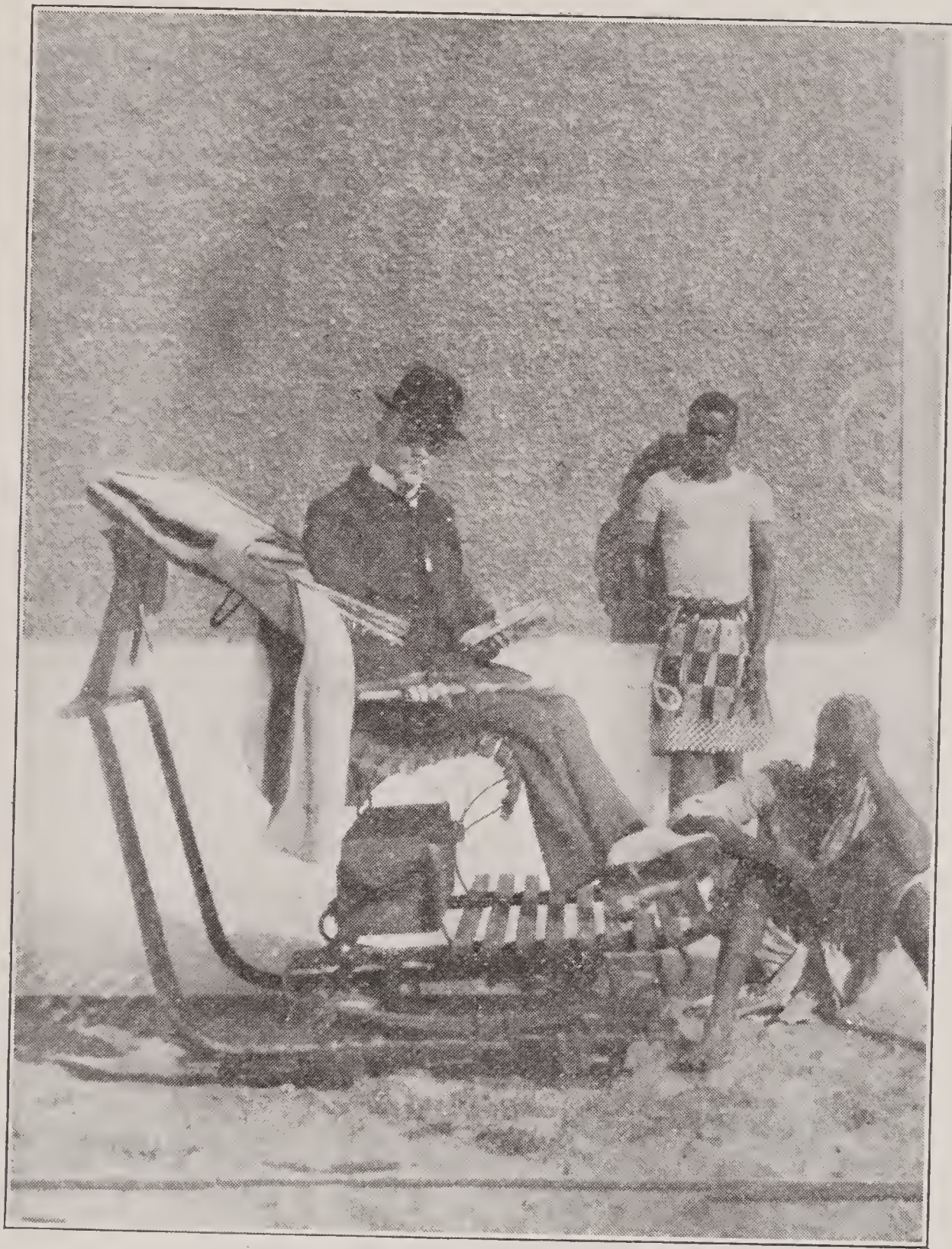
We sail North to Mozambique in Portuguese East Africa, and as we enter the harbor, we see the old fort, erected three hundred years ago by the original settlers. We were carried ashore here on the backs of natives, and it was a very amusing experience. If the passengers weigh more than ordinary, two natives get on the job. There are no docks here. The native market is a wonderful sight and the natives carry water on their heads in most curious receptacles. This section of Africa is known for terrific cyclones, and when the writer was there, a



British warship arrived in the port disabled after passing through one of these storms, which take the roofs off houses, and usually kill hundreds of natives.

#### GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

The next stop of importance is Dar-Es-Laam, in German East Africa, one of the most beautiful spots in the whole Dark



A STREET CAR IN BEIRA.

Continent. The German Government has erected here modern buildings, schools, churches, and it is in every way a model colony. There is also a dry-dock here, which will hold some of the large coast steamers, and gun-boats. Money is of little or no value, and it is nothing unusual to give thirty or forty coppers to buy things which in other countries you can get for one copper. A curious sight here are the pets of the army officers.



They make a specialty of taming animals and the writer saw a young tiger used as a watch-dog. The country surrounding abounds with natural resources, tropical fruits and vegetation, and will undoubtedly be one of the richest colonies of the German Empire.

#### ZANZIBAR.

We now set sail to the North and reach the Island of Zanzibar, the home of the cloves. Zanzibar is one of the most curious places on the face of the globe. The Sultan's palace is situated right near the landing place. The countless bazaars and quaint dress of the natives make it more interesting than Cairo or Constantinople. The Customs are in charge of the British Government and right in front of the palace of the Sultan can be seen his warship, sunk by the British Government to teach the Sultan a lesson at one time, and remind him and his successors that they must handle the British Government with care in the future. The respect shown to the British Custom officers in Zanzibar is remarkable, and proves that the British Government knows how to handle colonies in Africa or elsewhere. The natives of Ceylon, India, and the adjacent countries come to Zanzibar to market their wares, and the jewelry and beautiful specimens of work sold by these natives is not to be equalled in Paris or any other great City.

The Sultan keeps a harem, in which his own wives and the wives of his grand-father are well taken care of, and a magnificent summer palace near the sea-shore, provides all the amusements that a Sultan could wish for. A fine Italian battleship was in the harbor, and along the East Coast of Africa can be seen warships and flags of all countries, with the exception of the United States. If an American warship should ever arrive off the East Coast of Africa, it would make the natives sit up and take notice, as very few of them know what the American Flag looks like.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

We next reach Mombassa, where the Railroad runs to Lake Victoria, Nyanza. This is the famous Ugandi Railroad, which rises to an altitude for its length higher than any other Railroad in the world, and through a forest country.



It is here that Theodore Roosevelt landed last April and entered Africa as far as the Nile in the pursuit of wild game, and specimens for the National Museum. As far as the writer could ascertain at the time, he will get all that is coming to him in the way of a strenuous life after he reaches the shores of Lake Victoria and attempts to walk or ride to the sources of the Nile. Disease and danger of all kind confront him, but let us sincerely trust that he will be able to get through safely, and once more get back to dear old New York and capture a few of the wild political tribe that he has taken such good care of in the past. He has done more to make America known to the world than any other President.

The sights of Mombassa are the street cars about the size of ordinary goat-carts, the Mohammedan Mosque, and the post-office. Everybody seems to be busy around the post-office in Mombassa. The natives seem to take great delight in sending letters and reading replies to their friends on the public streets. We leave Mombassa and for the next few days sail along the Coast of Africa. We cross the line once more on our way North and in rounding the Cape, notice for the first time, savages running along the sea-shore, who were anxious to throw some poisoned arrows at us on board the ship, but to the amusement of all, the Captain fired a few shots from the deck, and these wild men of the forest scampered off to their haunts behind the rocks.

This section is a most desolate region, and we see nothing of importance except the great Cape of Guardafui, which on approach has a perfect resemblance to a lion at rest, as if the King of beasts is looking out from his favorite haunt in Africa upon the Indian Ocean. Our trip up the Coast so far has been rather pleasant. The natives on board have kept us amused, and it is a novel sight to watch these denizens of the desert dancing their native dances, and carrying on various amusements. These natives are hired by the Steamship Co. to wash down the decks in the early morning, and it is nothing unusual to see fifty or sixty of them on their knees, singing songs, while at work, and when the noon hour comes, they pray. In fact, they do this three times a day in true Mohammedan fashion. There is much to be admired in these simple people, as they live up to their religion



more so than some of their civilized Christian friends. A true Mohammedan native never lies or drinks intoxicating liquors, and while there are exceptions, the majority of them are law-abiding, and peaceful. They dress in calico, in fact, as little clothes on them as possible, on account of the excessive heat, and the hard labor of loading and unloading the ship. We arrive at Aden, the pest-hole of the near East. This is the place the Mohammedans go on their way to Mecca, where the prophet is buried.

### THE RED SEA.

Leaving Aden, we now enter the Red Sea, the deepest body of water of its size in the world, and at the same time, contains the most salt. We pass through the Red Sea at the season of the year when cold winds from the North are just coming South at the approach of winter, and when half way through the Red Sea, it becomes necessary for us to change our clothing from the lightest possible summer to the heaviest winter wear, as within twenty-four hours, the temperature drops at least forty degrees. We pass desolate looking Islands in the Red Sea on which are light houses erected by the Egyptian Government, and we are informed by one of the officers of the ship that it becomes necessary to change the keepers of these light houses every six months, as many of them went insane owing to the heat and the miserable Islands they were compelled to live upon. Arriving at Suez, at the entrance to the Suez Canal, we are passed rapidly through quarantine by the British Army Officers, and here take train for Cairo, the half way house of the world, where we intend to spend at least one week in visiting the wonderful places of interest in this, one of the oldest cities in the world.

It has been said that he who has not seen Cairo, has not seen the world, and as we journey about through different sections of the City, visiting the curious places and bazaars, we become fully convinced of this fact. Every move is a picture in Cairo. Along the main street, you will find the most peculiarly dressed men and women, and foreigners from all sections of the world, who have come to enjoy themselves, also donkeys, carts and all kinds of vehicles. All appear at the same time. Nobody seems to work in Cairo, at least the male sex of the community



have a continuous round of joy, as the women folks support them. These men can be seen sitting out-side of the numerous cafes, drinking coffee, and holding conversations practically all day long. The women have a peculiar dress, and the different castes of society are shown in the different styles of head-gear used. Under the Mohammedan form of government, no man is permitted to look on the face of a wife except her husband, and until a woman is married, she is also considered private property, and not subject to the public gaze. The Arabian women are certainly as fine specimens of their race as can be found in any country, in fact, while in the Western World, women are placed upon pedestals, and dressed in all the fineries, the women in the East seem to take more delight in looking after their physical development, and conduct themselves in a simple and proper manner, without any fine feathers making fine birds. They dress in the simplest possible form, and are as faithful to their marriage vows, as any other women notwithstanding the general impression, prevailing, regarding the virtues of the women of the streets of Cairo, that we hear so much about. As we drive about Cairo, we notice the magnificent hotels, built for the winter season, when all the gayety and beauty of Europe are stopping there. The public buildings and palaces are all owned by the Khedive, in fact, the Khedive seems to own everything. If you ask a native who owns this large building, or that, he will answer the Khedive, and finally if you ask him who owns himself, he will say "The Khedive." The Khedive is not a bad sort of fellow after all. He rides around Cairo in a plain democratic manner, dressed like a European, and the only point of distinction is the little red turban that he wears.

#### CAIRO.

One of the great sights of Cairo is the Nile Bridge, which opens and closes twice a day to allow traffic to pass, and a remarkable sight here is to watch the caravans coming in from the desert, a train of fifty to one hundred camels, heavily loaded with the products of the East. A curious sight in Cairo is to watch the school master, teaching school on the street corners. The children sit around and the teacher conducts his class throughout the day, apparently oblivious to all surrounding objects. There are professional letter writers in Cairo, and those



who cannot write, come to these people, and have them attend to their correspondence. It is needless to say that they treat all matters in confidence, no matter if it be a love-letter or a lawyer's affidavit. You can buy anything you think of in the bazaars in Cairo from a stick pin to a tapestry.

When a wedding takes place in Cairo, the public are invited at the expense of the family, and carriages containing the bridal party are escorted through the streets by criers, announcing to the populace the charms of the bride, and the history of the bride-groom. The same custom prevails when any persons of distinction ride about Cairo in carriages, as they have their own criers in front of their carriages, requesting the public to get out of the way, and let them pass. The coffee houses in Cairo are centers for the gossips, and every subject under the sun is discussed there, in fact, all questions of religion, diplomacy, etc., are finally settled over the native cup of coffee. While the Khedive is supposed to be the ruler of Cairo and Egypt, in reality, the British Government rules, as the Suez Canal is quite near, and the Egyptian people are practically vassals of the King. The Citadel is situated on the top of one of the high hills in Cairo, and here can be found the British garrison, looking down with contentment upon the City of Cairo, with their guns pointing in the right direction, and ready to blow the City to pieces in a moment's notice if necessary. The great Mosque is situated on top of this hill, and all strangers must remove their shoes and put on special slippers, before walking on the precious floor of the Mosque.

The street-cleaning department in Cairo is a joke. The water carts of the City consist of natives carrying bags made out of the skins of animals, and looking more like bagpipes than anything else. With these they sprinkle the streets, and sing songs at the same time. We journey the next day across the City over the Nile Bridge, and take trolley car right to the foot of the pyramids. This electric road is equal to any electric road in the States, and a delightful view of the surrounding country can be had. We pass the National Museum, erected by the Egyptian Government at great cost, and the Museum is equal if not superior to the Museum of Natural History in New York City, of which we hear so much. In this Museum, can be found some of the oldest curiosities in the world, and in one department



are the mummies of the Kings and other celebrities, who died thousands of years ago, and are fairly well preserved through the wonderful embalming process of the Egyptians. The pyramid of Cheops, which is known to every school boy, is about 440 feet high at the apex, and the natives, for a small consideration, will climb up and down this pyramid in less than ten minutes, which would require an ordinary person about one hour. The view from the top of the pyramid is magnificent. Away on one side can be seen the great Desert of Saharra. On the other side, the Nile River, which without doubt equals any river in Africa. The City of Cairo can be seen in the distance and within a short walk from the foot of the pyramid, can be reached the sphinx, a monument erected by the Egyptians for the tombs of the pharaohs. It is rather difficult to view the pyramid unless from a camel's back, as the natives have a system of following visitors and annoying them from the moment they come within sight of the pyramid, and get away again. These people make a specialty of begging, and will use all kinds of excuses to work upon the sympathetic tourists.

#### THE PYRAMIDS.

Begging is an art in Egypt, the same as in Italy, and they have schools for beggars, where they are properly instructed how to reach the pocket-books of any unsusceptible person. They also sell souvenirs, which they say were taken from the tombs of the Ancients, and curiosities, of all descriptions, "made in Germany" or Connecticut, made to look old, such as coins, etc. When you give a tip in Egypt, you must also give another tip, known as baksheesh or a lucky coin. This is supposed to be in addition to the regular tip, and will bring luck to the fool who parts with his money, as in the days of old. Having visited the tombs of the pharaohs and other places of interest, we finally shake off the gang of grafters, who are found by the legion in this vicinity, and wend our way back to the trolley car to try and reach a Christian man's country once more. We get back to Cairo just before dinner, and meet once more the sons of rest, hanging around the hotels, and who do absolutely nothing but beg, borrow or steal any loose change that is around. Every second man in Cairo is a guide, and each guide claims that he knows more than the other fellow, consequently, if you wish to



be friendly to the natives, and not make enemies, you should promptly decide to become your own guide, as the cab driver is the best guide after all. These people can tell a stranger at sight, and are not a bit bashful in walking right up and shaking hands with you, and they can tell your past, present and future in five minutes, as every other one makes a study of the stars or some other occult science. The Orient is the home of the mind readers, fortune tellers, and light fingered gentry in general. It is a wise precaution, when these gentlemen of easy virtue attempt to read your fortune from the cards or by any manipulation of their arms, to nail things down, and see that your watch and money are well secured.

We leave Cairo with much regret and proceed on our way to Alexandria by train. The fast service between Cairo and Alexandria is excellent, and we reach Alexandria in a few hours. We leave Alexandria the same night, as there is nothing of interest there but the summer palace of the Khedive, and the great light house. Going on board one of the excellent steamers of the North Deutsch Lloyd, we book passage to Naples. Our steamer sails the next morning, and passing along the shores of North Africa, we soon sail Northwest in the direction of the Straits of Messina. We pass the Volcano of Stromboli in eruption and at its foot can be seen the little Italian villages which some day or other will be wiped out of existence as has happened in the past. The following Sunday morning we enter the beautiful Strait of Messina, and on each side can be seen the cities recently destroyed by earth-quake, over two hundred thousand human beings swept into eternity, and the Cities completely destroyed. On our left, we see in the distance Mt. Etna, with its snow capped peak, and smoke coming out of the top. Leaving the Straits, we now travel North in the direction of Naples, and soon enter the Bay of Naples.

#### THE BAY OF NAPLES.

We have often heard that it is necessary to see Naples and die, and it seems as far as we could observe this desolate winter morning entering Naples, that we would be a fit subject for the undertaker. We had pictured the Bay of Naples in all its beauty as we had read about it in books, with gondolas floating about in the Bay and Italian Troubadours



playing sweet tunes on their mandolins in the early morning, but we certainly were disappointed. The Bay of Naples itself is a beautiful sheet of water, and well situated. If the scene is taken from one of the hill tops surrounding the City, it might captivate the eye, but its close proximity to the City of Naples, with all the filth and poverty of its inhabitants certainly makes it appear to be a nice oil-painting with a very poor frame. The beggars in Naples are numerous, and the disgraceful condition permitted



CAUSED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

by the Italian Government; the neglect of the crippled, etc., spoils any effect that the beautiful Bay of Naples may have on your vision when entering the harbor. The graft of the custom house officials is notorious, and it usually costs more to get to your Hotel, than it does to get out of it. The slums of Naples are



one of the most horrible sights that can be seen anywhere, and the vicious class are given full sway in certain sections of the City. Vice is rampant and every other night some gambling brawl results in the death of one or two of the players. The drives about Naples away from the City proper, are delightful, and one can visit the Cities of Pompeii, the National Museum, Aquarium and some of the churches, spending a very interesting day.

The board of health, however, might get busy in the city parts, and in the churches as well as in the slums. Competition is a good thing, and if the clergy in Italy had a little more competition, they might look after their churches, and have more Christianlike and sanitary conditions prevailing in their midst.

It is safe to assert that some of the churches have not been cleaned or painted in one hundred years, and the ringing of bells, continually on Sundays has become more of a nuisance than a necessity as the years go by. If the churches in the States adopted the same plan as some of the churches in Europe, the congregations would fast disappear. The Galleria in Naples is the central spot in the City, and here on Saturdays and Sundays, can be seen men of the more respectable class, promenading. We are informed by our Steamship friends that we must start the next morning for Madeira, and the next day are on our way to the Straits of Gibraltar, completing our circuit around Africa. We pass close to the coast of Algiers and see Morocco, which is situated directly opposite Gibraltar.

Secretary Elihu Root, of the State Department, made a tour three years ago around South America, similar to the one we are about to take. If the States could send out men like Root occasionally, it would do more to stimulate trade with the Republics of South America than any other known means. The destinies of the South American Republics lie more in the hands of this great Diplomat than any other person connected with the American Government to-day, and with men like Taft and Root in the control of the government, men who have travelled extensively in foreign countries, the outlook for our foreign trade is exceedingly bright just now. The new maximum and minimum tariff gives them an opportunity to develop it.

#### OFF TO SOUTH AMERICA.

Setting sail from Madeira on the steamer Amazon of the Royal Mail Route, we now journey once more to the



South in the direction of the coast of Brazil, as far as the Island of St. Vincent. On board, everybody enjoys themselves as usual. In the South Seas, the weather is very fine. With dancing on deck every night, and games of all kinds during the daytime, a delightful time is usually had. The Captain arranges for these pastimes by selecting a committee from among the passengers. We arrive at St. Vincent within a few days after



NATIVES OF BRAZIL.

leaving Madeira. This Island used as a coaling station is one of the principal cabling stations of the world, as cables transmitting messages to South America and South Africa pass through here. The Spanish Fleet sent out by Spain to annihilate the American Squadron off Cuba ten years ago stopped here on its way to Cuba and from what we could learn, they were very



enthusiastic and confident of an easy victory over the Yankees. As we all know now they were handicapped by their poor guns, and want of practice, and went down to defeat after a brave resistance against great odds. St. Vincent is not a very choice place to live in. It is a rather desolate Island, and absolutely without places of amusement or recreation with the possible exception of a game of cricket, when some steamer comes into port. Leaving St. Vincent, we are now on the briny deep for at least a week before sighting any land. Our approach to the coast of South America is marked by the Island of Fernando, an Islet off the coast of Brazil, after crossing "The Line" once more. The next day we arrive at Pernambuco, the first stopping place in the great republic of Brazil. Very few people are aware that Brazil is larger than the United States, although in population, it has only one-fourth as many inhabitants.

South America for centuries, belonged to Spain, and for this period the Spanish Government permitted no immigration, except from Spain to this large section of the world. As a result, South America is entirely Spanish to-day, and it is only in recent years that foreigners are permitted to go there and settle or hold property in their names. This came about since the Southern half of the Western Hemisphere was divided up into republics. Pernambuco consists of two cities, the old and the new. The new section is situated across the river which runs between the two cities. All of the principal streets in Pernambuco have arches across them. The tram cars in Pernambuco are rather antiquated. We were informed before our arrival at Pernambuco to look out for sharks, and as a result some of our passengers were up bright and early with their hook and line, looking for these monsters of the deep, but as far as we could observe the only sharks at this season of the year that we could find were on shore, and we had to be very careful with our money while they were about. The American Consul has an office situated near the wharf inside the reef which protects the City of Pernambuco, permitting vessels of certain tonnage to go inside. On the coast near Pernambuco is the place first sighted by Amerigo Vespucci, who discovered the main land of North and South America. Pernambuco is noted for its sugar-mills, and other industries. We leave Pernambuco the next morning and sail-



ing along the coast of Brazil reach Bahia, beautifully situated on the Bay of Bahia.

Bahia has an upper and lower town, and the upper town is as clean and modern as any City of its size in the Western Hemisphere. You reach the upper town through what is known as tower elevators, and one of these towers for many years had an elevator oiled with castor-oil and as a result is known as the castor-oil tower. The smell in consequence inside the tower was unbearable and at last the natives discovered that they could use other lubricants. The streets in the lower town are in a frightful condition and it is almost impossible to walk on them. The heat in Bahia is terrific, and at some seasons of the year it is impossible to walk about during certain hours of the day without being sunstruck. The street venders in Bahia sell everything from a needle to an anchor. They take their nap regularly during the hot part of the day so that it is nothing unusual to see a dozen of them fast asleep upon the public streets with their wares alongside of them. The upper town is up-to-date. American trolley cars and excellent rides can be had to points of interest. The view of the Bay from the upper City is magnificent. Money is of little or no value in Bahia, or for that matter in all Brazil. Everything is sold by the reis. It takes 16,000 reis to equal \$5.00 "American" so that if a party wants to buy a hat or a pair of shoes, the price marked in the window would stagger him. The hat might be marked 20,000 dollars as a dollar-sign means reis. It simply means the hat is worth \$7.50, American or thereabout. The paper money of Brazil is very poor, and some of the currency has to be pasted or pinned together. Our next stop along the coast is the largest City in Brazil, Rio de Janeiro.

#### RIO DE JANEIRO.

We enter the harbor of Rio, one of the finest in the world with sugar-loaf mountain on one side and high hills on the other. We had the new ambassador from the United States to Brazil, Mr. Dudley, on board, (an experienced diplomat) and a salute was fired from the forts, situated on an Island in the Bay, the stars and stripes flew from the foremast and was dipped and acknowledged. The view as we enter the harbor is beyond description and must be seen to be appreciated. We pass a little



Island which has a resemblance to a whale asleep on the water. We feel certain that it would require at least two weeks to see Rio properly, and in the few days we were there confined ourselves to the Avenida, the main thoroughfare, and the public buildings. The new Opera House, situated on one end of the Avenida, is one of the finest constructed buildings of its kind in the world. The new Avenida cost millions of dollars, and along its promenade on an afternoon can be found the Elite of the City. The City of Rio provides immense fountains for the people, and all its hospitals and charitable institutions are first-class in every way. The newspapers in Rio are as good as those in New York or London and have their own sky-scrapers, in fact, Rio is putting up sky-scrapers as large as in first-class cities in the States. Rio, like Bahia, was known for years as a pest-hole where all kinds of contagious disease carried off the population in hundreds, now, however, the sanitary conditions of these cities is A1, and any one is perfectly safe travelling in Brazil and stopping as long as he pleases at either of these places. An excellent trolley car service here permits one to visit the remote parts of the City for a trifle. The police force is excellent, the army well disciplined, and equal in every respect to any other army of its size in the world. A custom with the Brazilian people is to have the Pope's coat-of-arms on their home when they construct a new house. They are very religious people, at least the women, but as in all Spanish countries the men do little if any praying; in fact, on Sundays it is a curiosity to see any man at church. Sugar-loaf mountain, situated at the entrance to the Bay, is a point of interest that should not be overlooked. It is an old story that at one time a British Marine erected a British flag on this mountain, and the Brazilians could not get it down until some clever Yankee came along, went up to the top of the mountain and threw the Union Jack into the Sea. We must take this story with a grain of salt, however. Brazil has a navy at the present time, of little if any use. If this great republic brings out the dreadnoughts now building in England and holds on to them instead of selling same to England or any other country it will have a few ships to be reckoned with in the future. The main export of Brazil is coffee, and over ninety million dollars' worth of this product is shipped to the United States alone. It is a crying shame, however, that the States only sell



Brazil about sixteen million dollars' worth a year, as Brazil obtains ninety million of good American gold, and spends two-thirds of it in Europe, especially in Portugal. Agriculture is the mainstay of Brazil, and when this marvelous country is fully opened up, it will equal if not surpass the Argentine in exports. The imports of tooth-picks into Brazil from the States shows an enormous increase, and if the consumption of these articles is



THE OPERA HOUSE IN RIO.

any indication of the capacity of the people for food stuffs, the possibilities are that the States will sell them more and more of this class of goods in the future. The Brazilians, in fact, all Spanish people, make a specialty of their meals, and consume more food and drink, than any other class of people on the face of the globe. "Live to eat" instead of "Eat to Live" seems to



be their motto, and it is nothing unusual for an ordinary Spanish American to get away with ten courses at dinner, two bottles of wine and then lay down to a siesta for a few hours to help his weak digestion. They look over the ordinary bill of fare in a hotel and then turn over the back to see if there is any more.

A funeral in Brazil is a great event, and when a person is dead, his friends as well as his enemies all get in line and make a great time over the deceased. The decorations of the hearse are simply grand, and fortunes are spent on the ordinary funeral of one of the rich Brazilians. Strange to say, we found little or no beggars in Brazil. The poorest of the poor manage to eke out a living selling or buying some articles of dress or food. The Custom-House in Rio, however, is very poor and the number of porters, a regular nuisance to a new arrival. Across the Bay on the highland is located Petropolis, the home of the ambassadors and higher class of Brazilians. The Monroe Palace, shown at the St. Louis Exhibition, has been taken to Rio and erected on one end of the Avenida, in testimony of the love of the Brazilian people for the great republic of the North, which they look upon as their protector and best friend. We decided to allow our steamer to proceed to Santos, where we intend to connect with it after our visit to S. Paulo. We leave Rio by train, and arrive the next morning at S. Paulo, the home of the coffee kings, a modern city in every way and well situated. S. Paulo is supposed to be for its size the richest city in the world, and it has a Railroad Station, equal if not superior to any. The sanitary arrangements in S. Paulo are perfect. The water supply is filtered and the public buildings first-class. The Opera House in S. Paulo just completed is similar to the one in Rio, and in some respects, superior. Near S. Paulo is situated the National Museum of Brazil on the site of Independence Hill, where Brazil secured its first breath of liberty. Curiosities of all kinds can be found here and priceless collections of the Aboriginies of Brazil. The magnificent homes of the wealthy people in S. Paulo are worth seeing, but that virtue has its own reward, does not seem very fitting in S. Paulo, as the most notorious woman in the town has the finest residence. They know how to charge for baggage on the Railroads in Brazil, and it costs more to send baggage than it does passengers. We could not understand why this was so, except that the ordinary Bra-



zilian when he goes travelling brings all his house-hold furniture with him, or other unnecessary things. The wonderful mountain Railroad from S. Paulo to the Sea cost more than any other Railroad of its size in the world. S. Paulo, being situated very high up on the Mountain; it is one of the sights of the world to ride down on this mountain Railroad from S. Paulo to Santos. We took advantage of this opportunity, and in a few hours arrived at Santos where our steamer was awaiting us to continue our trip along the coast of Brazil towards Buenos Aires. Santos is the great coffee shipping port of Brazil and at one time was a pest-hole for yellow-fever and bubonic plague, but is to-day as clean a city as can be found in South America. We leave Santos and skirting along the coast for a few days, pass the cities of Rio Grande and other cities where the German Colony settled. In fact, the whole of South Brazil is controlled by Germans and some day, it is feared they will assert themselves and look to the home country to take over the German Colony in South America. If such should happen, the Monroe Doctrine will have its test, and unless the United States is well prepared to maintain its supremacy, Germany will throw the Monroe Doctrine in the waste-basket and begin to colonize South America, which she already practically owns.

We next stop at Uruguay, a little republic situated below Brazil. Its chief City, Monte Video, presents itself to our view. This little republic is trying to do the best it can, securing its share of the world's trade, but being situated between the two great republics, Brazil and Argentine, some day or other, it may have to join one or the other to maintain its position. The currency here is gold, and a gold dollar in Uruguay, strange to say, is worth more than the gold dollar of the United States. Near this City of Monte Video is the mouth of the widest river in the world, the river Plate, and we journey up this great river as far as the City of Buenos Aires, the largest and finest City in all South America.

#### BUENOS AIRES.

Buenos Aires is a City of over one million inhabitants and has made more head-way in the last twenty years than any other City in the world. Its magnificent squares, public buildings and promenades are alone greatly to be admired. The cost of liv-



ing in Buenos Aires, however, is enormous as the country does not produce anything except agricultural products. You can pay ten dollars gold for a pair of shoes in Buenos Aires, and the same amount for a hat, that you can get at home for five dollars, but these people make money so easily and in such enormous quantities that they never stop to think of the cost of anything. They are born gamblers in business as well as in pleasures and the main stay of the Government, as in Brazil, is the Lottery. Everybody gambles in Buenos Aires from the street merchant up, and you can hear the click of the roulette or the shake of the dice box more in Buenos Aires than in any other City. Everybody goes to the race-track in Buenos Aires, and bets the last penny they possess on a horse race. They have one of the finest race-tracks in the world. A private monopoly, known as the Jockey Club, controls it and pays the Government and charitable Institutions a certain percentage of the profits. It costs over one thousand dollars to join the Club, and it is considered one of the swellest organizations on the face of the globe. Between the Lottery and the race-track, the ordinary person in Buenos Aires has little if any money left for other pleasures. This City has the finest trolley system in South America, and its banks vie with any other banks in size as well as in scope. They have a zoo in Buenos Aires, situated near Belgrano, and we noticed that the American eagle was there in all its glory in one of the cages with his name properly advertised, as the "Yankee Eagle." He seemed to be there as a gentle reminder to the Argentinians not to brush his feathers in the wrong direction. He looked every inch the part of the country he represented. The Argentine people are not as fond of the United States as they might be, and no one really knows why this is so, unless it be the preponderance of European capital, which practically owns the country. The new House of Congress, similar to our House in Washington, was just nearing completion. It is situated at the end of the Avenida. We saw little if any beggars in Buenos Aires, and the police force in some respects is superior to that in New York. The Sergeants of Police make their rounds on horses, and every patrolman must be on his beat and sign his name at certain periods during the day. Owing to the number of British residents in the Argentine, afternoon tea is the great repast, and thousands of people can be seen at the cafes during the busy



part of the day drinking their tea and talking. These people seem to get along better than Americans even if they do lose valuable time, drinking tea or coffee, two or three hours a day. Everybody carries a revolver in Buenos Aires or some other weapon, not so much for use as custom in case they are "called" by some one. It is an amusing sight to see these people when they get in a dispute, as they will talk over an hour and apparently fight but never use their fists. The revolver is the final arbiter, and it is always advisable to keep as far away from them as possible when they reach this part of the argument. The proper form of greeting in this country, as in all Spanish countries, is good-bye instead of good-morning. Why this is, we could not find out. A cruel custom in Buenos Aires is whipping horses, as owing to the level streets in the City, this is entirely unnecessary. In fact, these people seem to be very cruel towards all animals, and the sight of blood is very pleasing to them. A beautiful sight in the Suburbs in Buenos Aires are the wind-mills, thousands of which are in operation, making a very fascinating effect. The army in Argentine is a joke, and sadly in need of clothes of the proper military style. They have great strikes in Buenos Aires, on account of the mixture of population. People from the States are called "Yankees" and from what we could ascertain, the majority of Yankees who come down to the River Plate are usually dreaded by the natives, as in common with other countries the United States does not send out its best class of representatives to this foreign land.

We take advantage of our stay in Buenos Aires to visit La Plata, the capital, situated a short distance, as fine a City as Buenos Aires in public buildings. Bahia Blanca, situated south of Buenos Aires, is the great wheat shipping port for the Argentine, and the marvelous development of this City in the past few years proves without a doubt that it will become a greater factor in the future, as a shipping point, than Buenos Aires. A short distance from Buenos Aires to the North is located the City of Rosario, the largest port for the exportation of cereals in general, but more corn is shipped out of this port than any other place in the Argentine Republic. We are now about ready to start on our trip across the Andes, and the next morning go on board one of the first class passenger coaches of the Pacific Rail-



road and settle down to our ride across the Pampas to the foot of the Andes Mountains. As we journey along across this flat country directly west, we are given an opportunity to view the vast possibilities of this wonderful agricultural country of South America. Mile after mile we pass through immense ranches and on both sides of the train as far as the eye can see are hundreds of thousands of cattle and sheep grazing. Millions of these are exported every year, and are gradually driving out the export trade in beef and mutton from the States to the British Isles. There are three large "Frigorifos" where beef and mutton are prepared for export, and vast refrigerator ships carry these products from the River Plate to England in as fit condition as from Chicago. The tremendous exports of Argentine in live stock and farm products places it, for its size, in the first position. The agricultural laborers of the Argentine are mostly Italians, who go there for a short period, accumulate a little money and then go back to Italy, the same as they do in the United States. They make excellent farm laborers, however, and are much to be preferred to the native who never believes in working when his health is good. The next morning we arrive at Mendoza, near the foot of the Andes Mountains, and here transfer to the Narrow-gauge Railroad, to carry us to the summit of this vast chain of mountains which separates, like a wall, the Argentine and the Republic of Chili. In Mendoza, an excellent wine is produced from the grapes growing in that vicinity, in fact, this section of the Argentine is given up to the cultivation of vineyards.

#### ACROSS THE ANDES.

Within an hour, after our arrival in Mandoza we are on board the narrow-gauge road and start on our journey to the summit of the Andes, known as the Cumbre. As we pass along the narrow road-way through the mountains we are all enthusiasm on account of the magnificent scenery presented before us. The scene from the Railroad cars is really beyond description. The course of the road lays along side the river bed which at this season of the year, March, was almost completely dried up. During the rainy season it is a whirl pool of rushing waters from the top of the mountains right down to the valley. Our passengers are kept busy viewing from one side of the car or the



other the different views presented. In the distance we can see the Giant Aconcagua 23,000 feet high, supposed to be the highest mountain in the Andes. This mountain is covered with eternal snow. One of our passengers, a Frenchman, immediately got ready his heavy winter clothing, and we were somewhat amused to find him fully rigged up fit for a voyage to the North Pole shortly afterwards. It seems he was informed that crossing the



CROSSING THE ANDES.

Andes was like a trip to Iceland, but as he subsequently learned the weather was just as mild as in France, in fact, a little warmer, so that he did not require his Arctic outfit. As we wend our way through the valleys leading up to the summit, we notice every mile or so, little huts constructed in a very crude fashion, which were used by travelers on foot who attempted to cross



the Andes before the Railroad was constructed. These places were used as shelter at night and are still used by some of the unfortunates, who cross the mountains year in and year out regardless of all modern improvements. We climb up the mountain to Las Cuevas where we stay for the night, but just before reaching this haven of refuge at the foot of the cumbre, our little engine is hard pressed to complete the journey, and for over a mile we proceed at a snail pace. You can form some idea of the height of the Andes when you take into consideration that we have been climbing steadily since morning and have yet to pass over the cumbre which is 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. Around and about us in this little nook at the foot of the cumbre, are mountains towering five to ten thousand feet above us, and one can fully realize the forces of nature and the insignificance of man as we stand and look about at this wonderful sight. We retire for the night at the little hotel and about midnight, realize for the first time the drop in the temperature. It becomes bitterly cold after sun-set until sun-rise, and almost impossible to keep warm. We are called the next morning at 6 o'clock by the guides of the mule train who during the night have prepared everything for our trip across the cumbre. After dispatching a cup of hot coffee, with our overcoats and rugs securely wrapped about us, we take our position on top of one of the coaches, pulled by three horses, and prepare for our journey across. Our luggage has been securely strapped to the mules who go in advance and some of our passengers of a more venturesome disposition decide to ride across on mule back. A shout from the chief muleteer, a crack of the whip from our experienced driver on the coach, and we are off.

The pack of mules precede us at a rapid stride up the mountain until they reach a point where they can make a short cut and save almost one third of the distance. Here, they turn in and go up and up almost at an angle of forty-five degrees and from our position on the coaches we can readily see that they are going to get over the mountain ahead of us by at least one half hour. These wonderful and sure-footed beasts can ascend the mountain at a rapid pace and pass the most dangerous parts in the most remarkable manner. We keep to the road and winding our way in a zig-zag manner resting the horses about every mile, we gradually get to a point where we can look down on the little



hotel which now appears to be a mere hut. The sight as we journey up is simply marvelous. The mule pack in the distance appears to be like a flock of sheep following their leader, in fact, our whole out-fit appears to be a miniature affair compared to the colossal mountains surrounding us. It is nothing unusual for those not accustomed to great heights to have blood flowing from their ears and nostrils at this height, and persons of a very nervous disposition are inclined to have severe attacks, more from imagination than anything else. We feel secure however as horses as well as the men engaged in this work are courageous, well balanced as well as experienced, and there is no danger. Some of our passengers got sea-sick. We reach the top in about one hour, and just before crossing we find erected monuments right on the summit. One of these is a magnificent statue of the Saviour, erected by the people of Argentine and Chili as an emblem of peace, between the two countries. We now get a view of Chili, and down as far as we can see another chain of mountains appears, as high if not higher than those we passed on our journey from the foot of the Andes. The coaches after reaching the summit, start down the other side at a very fast pace, and it certainly requires considerable nerve to sit on the front seat of one of these coaches going at the rate of at least fifteen miles an hour down the mountain. The third horse on the out-fit seems to be the guide and knows intuitively just what is required of him. The mule train has taken the short route, and we can see it now half way down the mountain already. One unfortunate beast, however, in some way or other missed his footing and being handicapped by the luggage strapped to him rolled down, and as we learned afterwards was killed. As we zig-zag down the mountain, we notice in one enclosure about two hundred cattle which came over the mountain in the early morn and were driven to one side to allow us to pass. It is the custom to drive cattle by the thousands over from the Argentine into Chili for grazing. We go down the mountain in about half of the time it took to come up, and within two hours after leaving Las Cuevas are safely landed at the little Railroad Station in Chili known as Juncal. In another year, it will not be necessary to cross the mountain by coach or mule back, as the Andes are now being pierced by a tunnel right at this point which will enable one to make the journey by train in twenty minutes or thereabout.



## CHILI.

We are now in Chili, the home of the nitrates, a wonderful country stretching from the Straits of Magellan to the land of the Incas-Peru. The trip down from Juncal to the junction where we connect for the capital City of Santiago is one of the greatest engineering feats on the face of the globe. At times, we travel along a tresspass, which, by the slightest break in the machinery or defects in the road would plunge us down the great declivity to be dashed to death within as many minutes as it takes to tell. It is astounding how man can surmount the difficulties presented to him by nature and one has only to travel to Chili and cross the Andes to have a full conception. Going down the mountain in a modern railway coach through such a beautiful section is certainly a luxury. We see one sight grander than the other, and finally reach the foot at the little village of Los Andes. Here, we transfer to the main line which runs to Santiago, and in a few hours are comfortably seated in our hotel. The train service in Chili is *AI* and we are proud to say that the cars and engines were built in the United States. Santiago is the finest City in Chili. Its public squares and public buildings equal any other City in South America. The railroad station of Santiago is one of the best in South America. The description of Santiago and of the people might coincide with Valparaiso, the principal port of Chili. The Cathedral in Santiago is the finest building of its kind in South America. The House of Deputies and monuments surrounding it make a magnificent sight. We leave Santiago the next night for Valparaiso, which was partly destroyed by earthquake within the past year.

We arrive at Valparaiso and the first sight that greets our view is the beautiful Bay which has made this port famous the world over. Valparaiso is a typical City of Chili and the customs of the people there are certainly very novel. Everybody seems to get his boots blacked in Chili. We would venture to say there are more bootblack stands in this City than in London or New York. It seems to be a convenient way of passing the time for the not overworked Chileans. The ordinary Chilean will never die of heart-failure from overwork. We had occasion to have our baggage carried from the Railroad Station to a hotel a few hundred feet away, and the Chilean we hired actually sublet the job to another



Chilean and collected the fee. The policemen in Chili are very fond of blowing their whistles, whether for amusement or necessity we could not find out. Owing to the fact that Chili has been engaged in so many wars, and the male members of the population are so regardless of their health, it appears that there are on an average seven women to one man in Chili. Women are employed as conductors on the street cars, and in the post-offices. They are also used as masons' assistants, and to coal ships. The few men they have there seem to be too busy consuming liquor during the greater part of the day. If it were not for the women, Chili would be in a very bad condition. Valparaiso is so situated that the lower town is used for business and the upper town for homes. Elevators are used in different parts of the City to carry the people up and these are patronized very much even by the poorer class, as the fare is quite reasonable. The Army in Chili is small but effective, and as far as we could observe every man in it is a born fighter. The soldiers are well drilled by German officers and in the navy, a few men from the States are employed. A most remarkable sight in Chili is the native dress. The men wear Ponchos across their shoulders and straw hats. One is to protect them during the hot part of the day, and the other to keep out the mountain dampness at night. The women dress with a plain black shawl, called a manta and this is fastened in a peculiar fashion. They wear no hats as this shawl is also used as a head-dress. The women are certainly as pretty and well formed as any of their sex in the Western Hemisphere. It is a remarkable sight to visit the churches in Chili and see hundreds of these women praying. They are very religious people, and young and old seem to spend half of their time in the churches. The only recreation they have, or opportunity to get out of the rut which they seem to have fallen into by custom, is on the night of the Concert in the Plaza.

#### CHILEAN CUSTOMS.

These people are very fond of music and will promenade for hours. The women all march in one direction around the square, and the men in the opposite direction, and it is amusing to note how they get acquainted. If a young man in Chili sees a young damsel that he believes will be a fit mate for life, he must pass the object of his affections at least a dozen times in the Plaza, and



through some unknown way indicate his intentions. He is then invited to the home and continues his acquaintance in the presence of some member of the family. In Chili, as well as in Cuba, the general custom is for Romeo to play to Juliet out-side her window, and under no circumstances must he enter the house until he is engaged to marry the girl or has positively declared his intention of so doing. It is the custom in Chili as in all Spanish countries for the prospective groom to invite the whole family to the theatre or other places of amusement along with his prospective bride for life.

The native drink of Chili is "Chicha," made from sour grapes and in some sections from apples and while it is not supposed to be an intoxicating liquor, we were not guaranteed this and so partook of it lightly. The native Chilean, however, can consume more liquors of different hues and strength than any other Spanish American. Valparaiso has two dry-docks, and they are very important, because the open Bay will not permit of the construction of any ship-yards or docks of any other description, owing to the severe "northers" which blow in once in a while. All of the great commercial houses in Chili have offices in Valparaiso and we were astonished to find out that one house there reported to be an American house, employs but five Americans out of 180 employees. This certainly does not look encouraging for American prestige. The American squadron which recently visited South Chili, made a good effect and gave a banquet to all Americans in the country. Strange to say, the night of the banquet, only three Americans appeared, and on investigation it was found that there were only four in the City and one was sick. People from the States are called "Yankees" and foreigners in general are called Gringos. The feeling in Chili towards the United States is not what it should be, and why this is, we could not fully determine. It is due no doubt to the fact that the monied interests are English and German. This little republic on the west coast of South America, in close proximity to the United States and one of our sister republics should certainly look up to the United States more in the future as its best friend in the long run. In some ridiculous manner, an idea prevails in Chili, that the United States is backing Peru, and inasmuch as Peru and Chili came very close to a clash of arms recently, it can readily be understood why this feeling towards the United States has



shown itself. In some way or other, some petty larceny thief stole the coat of arms off the door of the Chilean Consul in Peru, and the agitators in Chili, who are many, seized upon this opportunity to make trouble between these two gallant republics of South America. Owing to the good offices of the United States and other powers, fortunately these brave people have not yet clashed.

#### THE ENGLISH CLUB.

In every large City in Chili can be found the English Club, and it was our privilege to put up at the club in each place. This institution is well conducted, and supported by the higher class in the community. As far as we could observe, every one was sociable and gentlemanly and if Americans would only build similar institutions throughout Chili and South America it would redound more to their credit and prestige than allowing their young men to go abroad and waste time and money in more harmful amusements. The German banks are everywhere in Chili, and control considerable business, in fact, we were informed by some of our English friends that these German banks take up credits that a responsible English Institution would not touch. The general custom of selling goods in Chili seems to be to have the first payment cover the original cost or in other words sell the goods two or three times their cost to secure the profit. Long terms are given, under such circumstances and sometimes two years time allowed. The cost of living in Chili consequently is very high, and makes it very difficult for the native to accumulate any money.

Everybody in Chili seems to be a politician and considerable time is lost in discussing political subjects, which after all, as in the United States, are settled not by the people but by the monied men. Along the coast of Chili one has to nail things down as thieving is a well practiced art. One of our friends left his boots to be cleaned and they disappeared in five minutes. It is needless to say that he has not seen them since. Everybody carries a revolver in Chili, the same as in the Argentine, and a regular walking arsenal can be found any day on the main streets of Valparaiso. It is surprising what little news the newspapers in Chili have regarding the United States. They seem to give columns of news about other countries, and an occasional line or two regard-



ing matters of importance in the United States. This is partly due to the fact that the newspaper agencies in the United States do not cover South America properly, and naturally the newspapers in South America do not care to cover the United States' items. The Chilean navy is the finest asset that the country has. They have the finest war ships of any other South American republic, and have lately installed a wireless apparatus by which they can communicate from Valparaiso with the Straits of Magellan. The Flagship O'Higgins of Irish descent while rather old, appeared to be equal if not superior to any ship of its size.

#### ALONG THE WEST COAST.

We now take our departure from Chili at the port of Valparaiso and sail for a few days along this barren desolate coast, which from Corral to Peru is like a desert. No vegetation of any kind whatever appears. We stopped at Antofagasta and Iquique, two of the great nitrate ports of Chili. These cities, however, are pest-holes and all kinds of contagious diseases can be found here. It must be taken into consideration that rain has not fallen along the west coast in some parts for years, and that the water supply of these cities is brought a few hundred miles from the mountain regions, consequently, the scarcity of water and the intense heat make it very difficult to maintain any decent sanitary arrangements. Bolivia, situated high up on the table land, uses the ports of Antofagasta and Iquique and all supplies for this wonderful mountainous country are sent inland from this point. As we journey along the west coast, the sea is like a pond at this season of the year, and the weather is delightful. The temperature on the west coast is fully ten degrees cooler than the east coast of South America as far as we could observe. This is accounted for by the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean, and the fact that the Humboldt current runs near the coast, and acts like the Gulf Stream, but lowers the temperature instead of raising it. All along the west coast can be seen sea-gulls, and other birds of this class by the thousands, and it was a favorite past-time with passengers to shoot at these birds a few hours every day. Owing to the Guano deposits of some of these birds, both the Chilean and Peruvian Governments now prohibit this. We have on board a doctor, representing the Peruvian Government, and he visits daily the passengers and keeps an eye out for the development



of any contagious disease. While this is a very wise precaution, it is nevertheless annoying to be submitted continually to examination and compelled to be vaccinated just because a few of the natives have had, many years ago, yellow-fever or some other disease. Off the coast of Coquimbo, is a body of water, known as the Seven Seas, and a very dangerous spot. The approach to Coquimbo makes it appear that the land is covered with snow in this warm country. As a matter of fact, however, it is only due to the peculiar deposits thrown up by nature at this point. Very few persons are aware that off the coast of South America is situated the little Island made famous by the story of Robinson Crusoe, and whether this bold mariner was a myth or not, the general appearance of the west coast would make the ordinary observer believe some of his escapades. The next few days we slowly proceed up the coast in the direction of Peru. Our passengers consist mainly of commercial men and English men returning home by way of the Panama Canal. We have about thirty clergy-men on board, and one of our passengers predicted trouble immediately on the west coast as it is a well known sign that when clergy-men are traveling about from place to place, war is not far off. They are in a position to get inside information of any uprising of the people, and prepare themselves accordingly. We were not surprised at the reported uncleanness along the West coast, as out of 70 passengers, only 7 took a bath each morning, although we had at least a dozen first-class bath-rooms on board the magnificent steamer of the Pacific Line, which carried us as far as Panama. The natives, especially the lower class, are very lazy individuals, and only work when they are compelled to or require a little money. They seem to be void of all feeling towards themselves and others. We had occasion to observe some of them unloading the ship. One fell from the top hatch-way down to the bottom, and his companions only laughed at him when he was picked up with a dislocated shoulder. Another, a few days afterwards, sprained or dislocated his ankle, and informed the Captain that he would fix it himself in a few minutes, which he did, and resumed work as if nothing had happened. Our ship makes the run from Valparaiso to Panama in twelve days. This is considered remarkable, as formerly it took thirty days. Now, however, the Pacific Line maintains an express service between Valparaiso and Panama, stop-



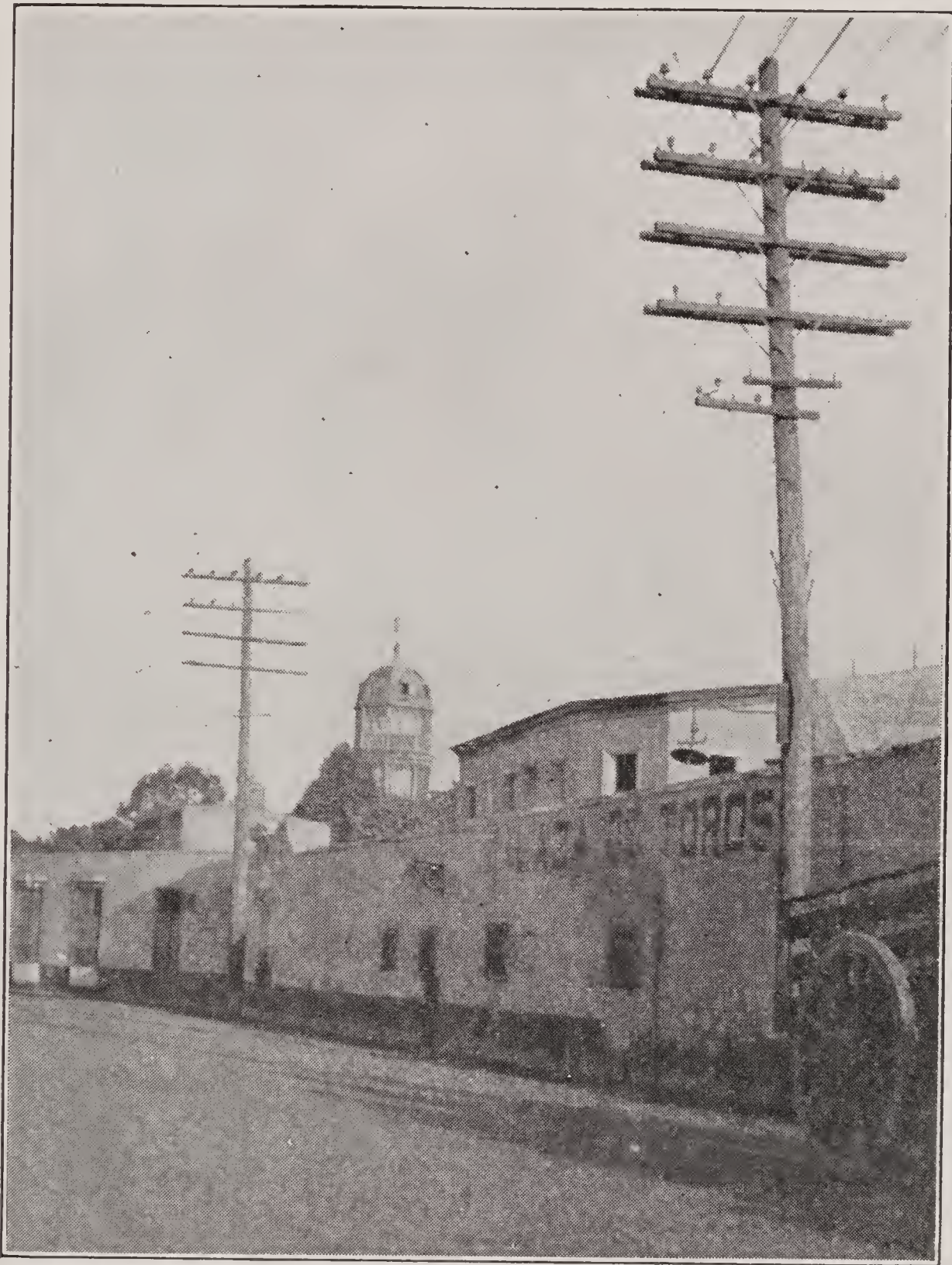
ping at only four places, and Americans going to the Argentine or South Chili, can save a week's time travelling via Panama, instead of via Europe. We arrive the next morning at Callao, the port for Lima, and in about one half hour by electric tram-way, reach the capital of the land of the Incas.

Peru has been known from time immemorial as a gold country. The marvelous tales of wealth and conquest of Peru, sound like the Arabian Nights. It must be remembered that when the Spaniards went down the west coast and captured this stronghold of the Incas, it required a few hundred years for them to exhaust the remarkable natural resources of this wonderful country. Treasure ships left Peru for Spain year after year loaded down with the most wonderful collections of gold and silver, robbed from the natives. Peru is the home of a great many China-men, and they control most of the business interests outside of mining. It seems, however, that the people of Peru have decided to drive out these celestials, and while we were in Lima, many China-men were killed and wounded.

The City of Lima is one of the most interesting cities in all South America. The peculiar balconies on the houses as well as the dress of the people strike one's fancy. The oldest bull-ring in America is situated in Lima, built in the 17th century. It is a favorite past-time of these people to go to the bull fights on Sundays after church, and see poor beasts tormented, and finally put to death to gratify the thirst for blood of some of the population. The great cathedral in the Plaza is well worth seeing. The tremendous doors of bronze and copper work represent the finest work of its class in the world. Earthquakes in Peru, as in Chili, are frequent, and very bad. Most of the churches in Peru and public buildings bear evidence of the strength of these movements of the Earth. The custom is to rush to the Plaza after the first shock or to get under a door-way or arch, as experience has shown that most people are killed remaining in any other place. The City of Valparaiso was almost destroyed two years ago, by one of these earthquakes and while in Chili, we had an opportunity of gauging just what an earthquake is. At about 2 o'clock in the morning, we felt two shocks, which we learned afterwards had come in a northerly direction from Peru to the Straits. Every clock stopped, and pictures on the wall as well as the furniture in our room began to move about. One never



knows what the second or third shock may mean, and, as stated before, the safest way is to run to the open park, and stay there. Every business enterprise in Peru has a peculiar name over the door. One shop, we noticed was named after the devil, viz:—"El Diablo," another, a liquor shop, was called the Water Wagon. We presume that stronger liquids than water were sold there, judging from the curse of rum features of some of the occupants.



THE BULL RING IN LIMA.—PERU.

We leave Peru and journey along the coast towards Ecuador, but owing to the quarantine regulations, were not permitted to land at Guayaquil. The port for Ecuador is known as the worst pest-hole along the coast. We cross the "Line" for the fourth time on our trip and in a few days reach Panama, which will be the gate-way of the world with the next few years.



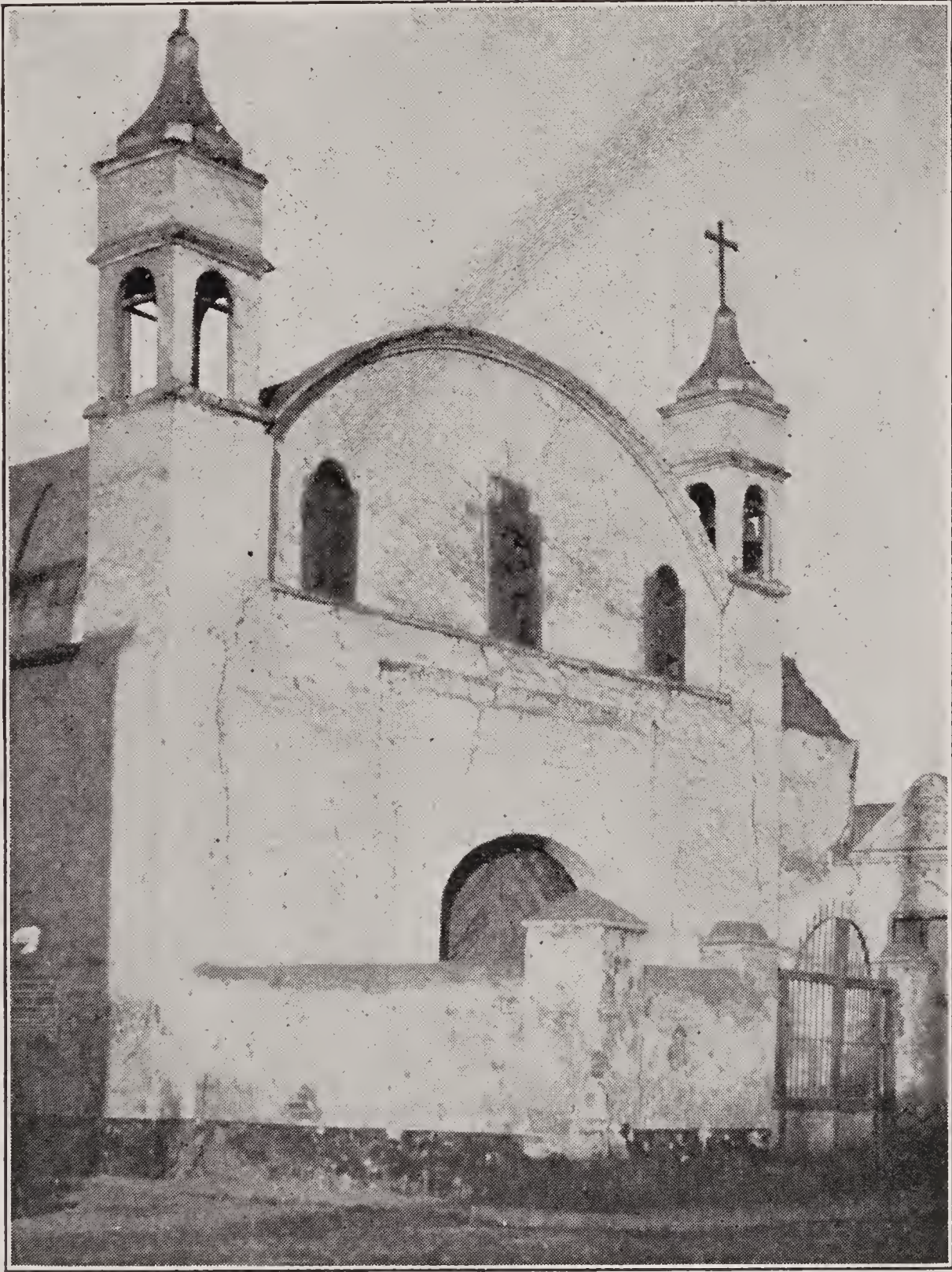
## THE PANAMA CANAL.

We have at last reached the Isthmus of Panama, formerly called the Isthmus of Darien, destined to be one of the most important commercial points in the world. Panama formerly belonged to the Republic of Colombia but inasmuch as the patriots of Colombia could not agree with the United States, and allow a reasonable concession for the construction of the Panama Canal, a few other patriots of a more facile mind formed the new republic and within a very short time, gave the United States the privilege sought. The City of Panama consists of the old and the new, and from what we had read about it were indeed surprised by its cleanliness. The American Government has certainly worked wonders in this old Spanish City. The streets in Panama are paved with brick, and an excellent water supply has been put in by the Isthmus Canal Commission. The construction of the Panama Canal is proceeding at a rapid pace and notwithstanding all the charges of graft, etc., a casual observer must confess that this stupendous undertaking is being pushed through with all the energy that it is possible for man or machinery to put forth. It would not surprise us if the Canal was completed within the next four years. The United States Government has provided magnificent homes for the officers as well as the men, engaged in the construction of this Canal. It is safe to assert that these men had no better homes in the United States. The climate is salubrious. Contagious diseases are unknown, and with the wages paid, the ordinary American engaged in this work can return with a nice tidy sum of money, provided that he has not squandered it. The Government supplies Canal laborers from the commissary stores at absolute cost, and we must admit that not one complaint had been made as far as we could ascertain. The work being done under the supervision of army officers cannot be equalled. The work of construction is on a military basis and the amount of dirt excavated can hardly be estimated as one month's record beats the other. The Canal is fifty miles long. Few people are aware that sixteen miles of this had been completely finished before the French abandoned the work. Of the other thirty-four miles, almost ten had been dredged out by the French Company, and very little work is required. It would appear therefore that almost half of the Canal had been com-



pleted before the United States Government took up the work.

Considerable discussion has been going on in the papers for and against the lock canal, but the argument against the lock canal has been advanced by the Railroad interests in the United States situated west of the Mississippi. There is no doubt



EFFECT OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

that these Railroads were determined to delay the construction of the canal as much as possible, as it meant the reduction in railroad rates from the Pacific Coast to the Rocky Mountains. When the canal is completed everybody knows that the products of the coast can be brought around to the East through the Panama Canal at one-third the rates now charged the people of California and the North-west. It was amusing to read one week



that a lake had been discovered under the great Gatun Dam, another week that the Mountains surrounding the Canal were slipping into the Sea. Then again, we would read that disease was carrying off the employees by the thousands. All of these arguments boiled down, simply means that a sea-level canal is wanted by the Railroad interests, so as it will take about twenty-five years to build it. With a lock canal, two things are accomplished without a doubt. One is that the canal will be finished within four years, and the other that a lock canal can be blown up in time of war if necessary in a few minutes, rendering it absolutely useless to the enemy. The treaty with England calls for the construction of a Panama Canal, the same to be neutral in time of war, but there is no provision or guarantee that this canal cannot belong to a country holding it in time of war. If the United States is not in a position to maintain its prestige and win out in any fight with European powers or any Asiatic power, it means good-bye to the Panama Canal and it will be presented to some foreign country that did not spend one dollar in its construction. At the Atlantic Terminus of the Panama Canal, is situated the City of Colon. We regret to record, however, that while this City has been somewhat improved in the past few years by Americans, there is still room for improvement in many ways. Vice and crime are allowed to run rampant in Colon, and unless the United States Government puts Colon on the same basis as Panama, trouble is bound to come very shortly. In Panama and Colon, everybody plays the lottery, which is controlled by a Chinaman. The Government of Panama derives an enormous income from this source, and as far as we could observe, this lottery scheme as conducted in Panama is a farce. The poor negroes, men and women who come to Panama in connection with the construction of the canal, spend their last penny in this grand gamble, and get little or no return.

#### OFF FOR HOME.

We leave Colon the following Wednesday and set sail for New York. We intend, however, to stop at Jamaica and Cuba, and arrive in New York by rail on the Florida East Coast Railroad, which runs thirty miles out into the Sea along the Florida keys. We arrive at Kingston, Jamaica, in about forty hours and go ashore for a short time. The City of Kingston was destroyed



by earthquake a year ago, and the work of reconstruction is now going on at a rapid pace. There are beautiful drives around Kingston and the market place is a very odd sight. The British Government controls Jamaica. This English Colony is a model one. The control that the British Government has over its colonies in all parts of the world is marvelous. They seem to study the ways of the natives and actually govern them in their own way without their knowing it.



FIESTA IN CUBA.

We take a little steamer across to Cuba from Jamaica, and in about eighteen hours are safely landed on the wharf at Santiago de Cuba. The approach to Cuba is a beautiful sight, although the weather is very warm. Santiago has one of the finest harbors in the world, almost completely landlocked. It was from



here that the Spanish Fleet went out to meet the American squadron, and had their ships destroyed in one of the most remarkable naval battles of recent years. We take advantage of our stay in Santiago to visit San Juan Hill, situated outside of the City, and to view this wonderful battle-field. All Americans who can possibly do so, should visit these two interesting places, San Juan Hill and the Panama Canal. There is more interest centered about these places to-day than any watering places in Europe, where so many Americans waste their time and money in trying to imitate European ways.

We leave Santiago by train for Havana, and journey along in an observation car attached to a first class train that makes the run in less than twenty-four hours. We pass through the sugar cane fields of Cuba, and realize for the first time that this little Island can well be called the richest Island in the world. The sugar and tobacco crops of Cuba alone are worth over one hundred million dollars, and as they have two harvests one can form some idea of the wealth of this little Island known as the Pearl of the Antilles. We stop for a few hours at Matanzas, and visit the wonderful caves of Bellamar, which run out under the Sea for a mile, and the mountain overlooking the Valley of the Yumuri, one of the garden spots of the world.

Arriving in Havana, the Capital City of Cuba, we decide to spend a week there. Havana is the most interesting City in the West Indies. Since the Americans came to Cuba, however, the City of Havana has lost some of its ancient aspect. The introduction of trolley cars and sky-scrapers gives the City a more modern appearance. The real old City of Havana, however, is still there. A drive along the Prado, pass the Malecon and out to the Vedado any afternoon is delightful. Concerts are given twice a week at the Malecon and here can be seen the people in all walks of life in this quaint City. The old Morro Lighthouse and fort, together with the ancient buildings situated near the entrance of the harbor reminds one of the stories of the Middle Ages. The favorite game of the Cubans is Jai Lai, a sort of Tennis but far more exciting. The ordinary Cuban will wager his wages on this game. In the beautiful shops along Obispo and Florida Streets can be found objects of art and curiosities of every description. The City reminds one of Paris to a great extent. The old cemetery in Havana is a remarkable sight. In



the new cemetery, the victims of the Maine were buried, but have since been removed to the States. In the old cemetery, however, it was the custom to rent space to each family in a sort of warehouse arrangement and if they failed to pay their rent every year on time, their bones were thrown out into the back yard, and to-day can be seen the bones of thousands who had to move because they did not pay rent. A funeral in Ha-



THE CUBAN ARMY.

vana is more like a pageant than anything else. If a rich Cuban dies, his relatives are bound to walk behind the hearse, which is beautifully decorated, with footmen and driver dressed up like a circus wagon. The churches in Havana are a very odd sight and some of them have been erected three hundred years. They have more churches and clergy than any other City of its size



in the world. In the cigar factories in Havana, it is a curious sight to see the person employed as "Reader" who sits on a chair in the center of a room and continually reads the latest novels and newspapers to the cigar makers while they are at work. Everybody drinks in Havana some kind of intoxicating liquor, but no one gets drunk. They seem to know just exactly how much to take, and the ordinary bill of fare in a cafe in Havana has more mixed drinks on it than the ordinary restaurant has on its food list. If you want a drink with ice in it in Havana, you pay extra, as ice is considered a luxury. The water supply of Havana is the finest of any City that we saw on our entire trip. It is carried from natural springs and is as clear as crystal. It is very interesting to watch the students, firemen or policemen in Havana. An alarm of fire is usually given by blowing whistles from one end of the town to the other, and then everybody rushes to the fire and interferes with the firemen, trying to put it out. The Cubans are very excitable people and yet with a little diplomacy they can be handled just like children. Everybody seems to eat pie or some other pastry in Havana, and it is nothing unusual to see five or six men standing on the street corners, munching away at some piece of pie or cake. The men and women in Cuba are mostly Spaniards, in the cities, and in the country districts native born Cubans. The women in Cuba very seldom walk or take any exercise, in fact, conditions are such that they cannot promenade on the streets as the men are not over-polite. They are kept under lock and key most of the time and grow fat and good-looking. They look out through their barred windows like prisoners and yet are the best protected and most sociable class in the world. We leave Havana with much regret and take steamer for Knights Key in Florida, where the Pullman car takes us right back to dear old New York, to see Broadway once more.





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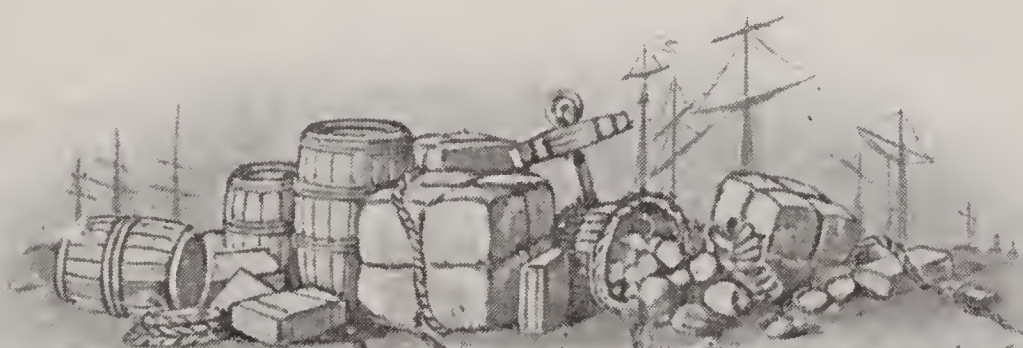


# Around Africa

and

# Across the Andes

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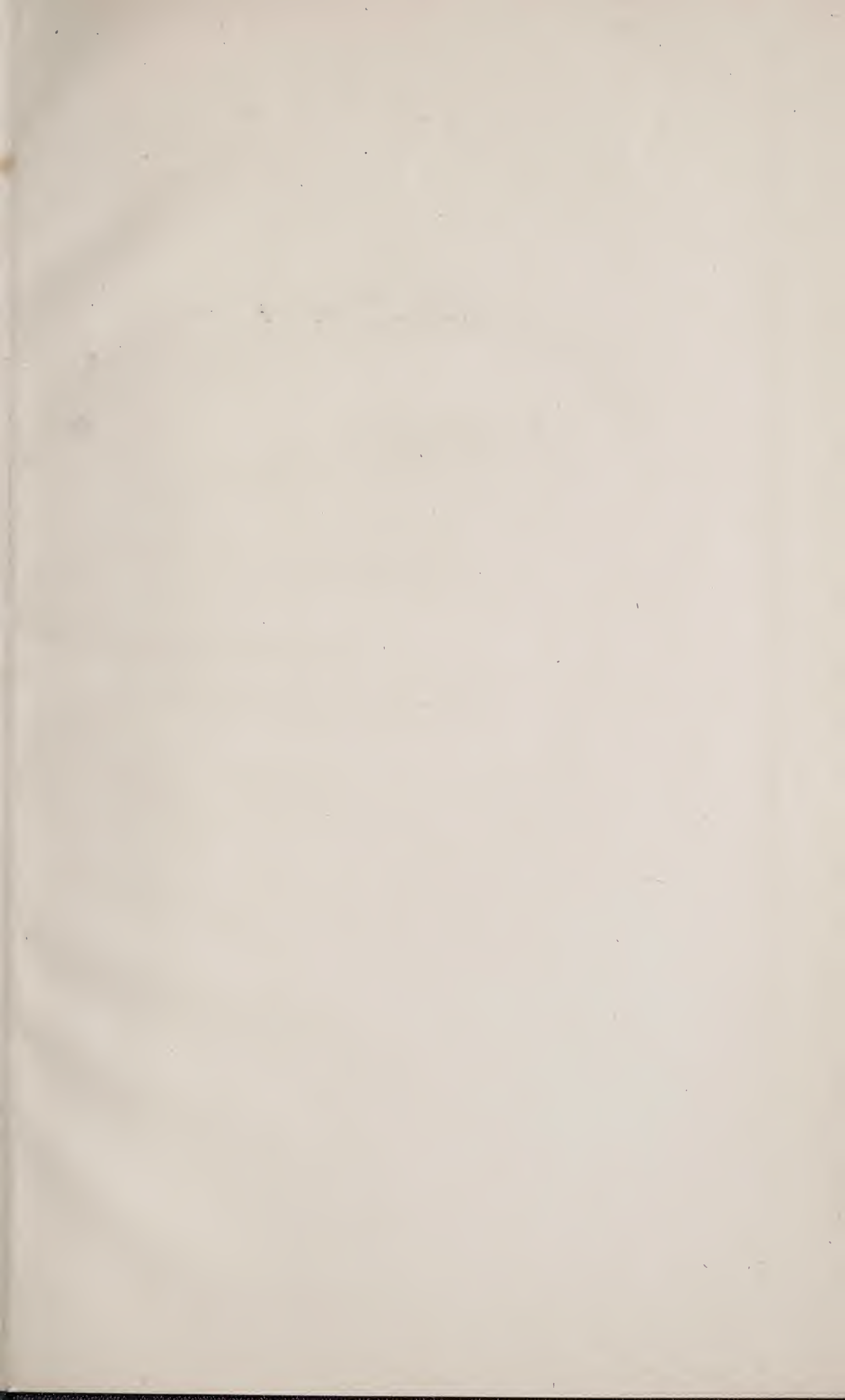


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